

# Peleus & Thetis:

A

## MASQUE.

In the COMEDY call'd

*The FEW of VENICE.*

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE in *Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

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Set to Musick by Mr. *ECCLES.*

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L O N D O N,

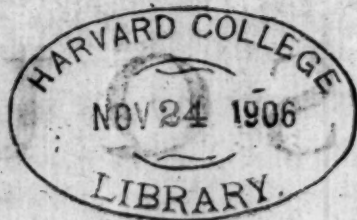
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## The Argument.

*Peleus in Love with Thetis, by the Assistance of Proteus obtains her Favor : But Jupiter, also in Love with her, interposing, Peleus in Despair consults Promotheus, famous for his Skill in Astrology, upon whose Propheſie, that the Son born of Thetis ſhould prove greater than his Father, Jupiter deſiſts. The Propheſie was afterwards verely'd in the Birth of Achilles, the Son of Thetis by Peleus.*

Persons in the Maſque.

JUPITER.	}}{	PROMOTHEUS.
PELEES.		THETIS.

*Promotheus is ſeen upon Mount Caucasus chain'd to a Rock with the Vulture at his Breſt. A Flourish of all the Instruments. Then plaintive Muſick.*

*Peleus Enters to Promotheus.*

*Pel.* **C**ondemn'd on *Caucasus* to lie,  
Still to be dying, not to dye,

With certain Pain, uncertain of releif,

True Emblem of a wretched Lover's Greif!

To



To whose inspecting Eye 'tis given

To view the Planetary Way,

To penetrate eternal Day,

And to revolve the starry Heaven ;

To thee, *Prometheus*, I complain,

And bring a Heart, as full of Pain.

*Pro.* From *Jupiter* spring all our Woes,

*Thetis* is *Jove's*, who once was thine,

'Tis vain, O *Peleus* ! to oppose

Thy Torturer, and mine.

Contented with Despair

You must, you must resign,

Or wretched Man prepare

For change of Torments, great as mine.

*Pel.* In change of Torment would be ease,

Could you divine what Lovers bear,

Even you *Prometheus*, would confess

There is no Vulture, like Despair.

*Pro.* Cease, cruel Vulture, to devour.

*Pel.* Cease, cruel *Thetis*, to disdain.

If for the Pleasures of an Hour

We must endure an Age of pain,

Love give me back, my Heart again.

*Both together.*

*Pro.* } Cease cruel Vulture to devour ;

*Pel.* } Cease cruel *Thetis* to disdain.

(*Enter Thetis.*)

*The.* *Peleus* unjustly you complain.

*Pel.* Give give me back my Heart again.

*The.* *Peleus* unjustly you complain.

The Gods, alas! no Refuge find

From Ills resistless Fates ordain :

I still am True---And would be kind.

*Pel.* Despair tormented first my Heart,

Now Falshood a more cruel Smart!

O for the Peace of Human-kind,  
Make Women longer true, or sooner kind!

With Justice, or with Mercy reign :  
Or give me, give me back my Heart again.

(*Both gtoether.*)

*The.* } *Peleus* unjustly you complain.

*Pel.* } Give, give me back my Heart again.

*The.* Accursed Jealousie!

Thou Jaundice in the Lover's Eye,  
Thro' which all Objects false we see ;

Accursed Jeloufy !

*Pro.* Love is by Fancy led about.

From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt:

Whom we now a Goddeſs call,

Divinely grac'd in every Feature,

Strait's a deform'd, a perjur'd Creature ;

Love and Hate, are fancy all.



'Tis but as fancy shall present

Objects of Grief, or of Content,

That the Lover's blest, or dyes:

Visions of mighty Pains, or Pleasure,

Imagin'd want, Imagin'd Treasure,

All in powerful Fancy lyes.

C H O R U S.

Cho. *Accursed Jealousy,*

*Thou Jaundice in the Lovers Eye,*

*Thro' which all Objects false we see;*

*Accursed Jealousy,*

The. Thy Rival, *Peleus*, rules the Sky,

Yet I so prize thy Love,

With *Peleus* I would chuse to die,

Rather than live with *Jove*.

[*Jupiter appears descending.*

But see! the mighty Thund'rer's here,

Tremble *Peleus*, tremble, fly.

The

**The Thunderer ! the mighty Thunderer !**

**Tremble *Peleus*, tremble, fly.**

*A full Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments while Jupiter is descending. Thunder the while.*

**C H O R U S.**

**Cho.** *But see ! the mighty Thund'rer's here ;*

*Tremble *Peleus*, tremble, fly ;*

*The Thunderer ! the mighty Thunderer !*

*Tremble *Peleus*, tremble, fly.*

*[Jupiter being descended.]*

**Jup.** *Presumptuous Slave, Rival to Jove,*

*How dar'st thou, Mortal, thus defy*

*A Goddess with audacious Love,*

*And irritate a God with Jealousy ?*

**Presumptuous Mortal hence,**

**Tremble at Omnipotence.**

**Pel.** *Arm'd with Love, and *Thetis* by,*



I fear no Odds

Of Men or Gods,

But *Jove* himself defy.

*Jove* lay thy Thunder down,

Arm'd with Love, and *Thetis* by,

There is more Terrour in her Frown,

And fiercer Lightning in her Eye.

I fear no Odds

Of Men or Gods

But *Jove* himself defy.

*Jup.* Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder;

Hast ye *Cyclops* with your forked Rods,

This Rebel Love, braves all the Gods,

And every Hour by Love is made

Some Heaven-defying *Encelade*..

Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.

*The.* *Jove* may kill, but ne'er shall funder.

C

pel.

[*Pel. and The. holding by each other.*

*All three repeat.*

*Jup. Pel.* } Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.

*and The.* } Jove may kill, but ne'er shall funder

*The.* Thy Love, still arm'd with Fate,

Is dreadful, as thy Hate.

O might it prove to me

(So gentle *Peleus* were but free)

O might it prove to me

As fatal, as to lost, consuming *Semele*!

*Pro.* Son of *Saturn*, take advice

From one, whom thy severe decree

Has furnisht leisure to grow wise.

Thou rul'st the Gods, but Fate rules thee.

*The* P R O P H E S Y.

“ Whoe're th' immortal Maid compressing

“ Shall tast the Joy, and reap the Blessing,

“ Thus th' unerring Stars advise.

“ From that auspicious Night, an Heir shall rise

“ Paternal Glories to outshine,

“ And be the foremost of his Line.

*CH O-*

*C H O R U S Repeat.*

*Cho. Son of Saturn, take Advice ;  
From that auspicious Night an Heir shall rise,  
Paternal Glories to outshine,  
And be the formost of his Line.*

*[Jupiter during the Chorus seems  
to stand considering.]*

*Jup. Shall then, the Son of Saturn be undone  
As Saturn was, by an aspiring Son ?  
Justly th' impartial Fates conspire  
Dooming that Son, to be the Syre  
Of such another Son.*

*Conscious of ills that I have done  
My Doubts, to Prudence shall advise,  
And Guilt that made me Great, shall make me wise*

*[Turning to Peleus.]*

*The fatal Blessing I resign,  
Peleus take the Maid Divine ;  
Jove consenting, she is thine.*

*Peleus receiving Thetis.*

*Pel.*



*Pel.* Heav'n had been lost, had I been Jove,  
There is no Heav'n, like mutual Love.

[*Jupitur turning to Prometheus.*

*Jup.* And thou the Stars Interpreter,

'Tis just I set thee free,

Who giv'st me Liberty;

Arise arise, and be thy self a Star.

*The Vulture drops dead at the Feet of Prometheus,  
his Chains fall off, and he is born up to Heaven  
with Jupiter, to a loud Flourish of all the Instru-  
ments.*

*Peleus and Thetis together.*

*Pel.* & Be true all ye Lovers, whate're you endure,  
*The.* } Tho' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the  
Cure!

So divine is the Blessing

In the Hour of possessing,

That one Moments obtaining

Pays an Age of complaining:

Be true all ye Lovers, whate're you endure,

Tho' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure!

F I N I S.